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Cumberland's British Theatre.

THE RED ROVER;

OR, THE MUTINY OF THE DOLPHIN.

A NAUTICAL DRAMA IN TWO ACTS,

By EDWARD FITZ-BALL, Esq.

Author of the Pilot. Mary Glastonbury. Devil's Elixir.
 Wardock Kennilson. Floating Beacon, &c.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY

With Remarks, Biographical & Critical,

By D—G.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A DESCRIPTION of the COSTUME, Cast of the
 CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES and EXITS, RELATIVE
 POSITIONS of the Performers on the Stage, and
 the whole of the STAGE BUSINESS, as now per-
 formed in the METROPOLITAN MINOR THEATRES.

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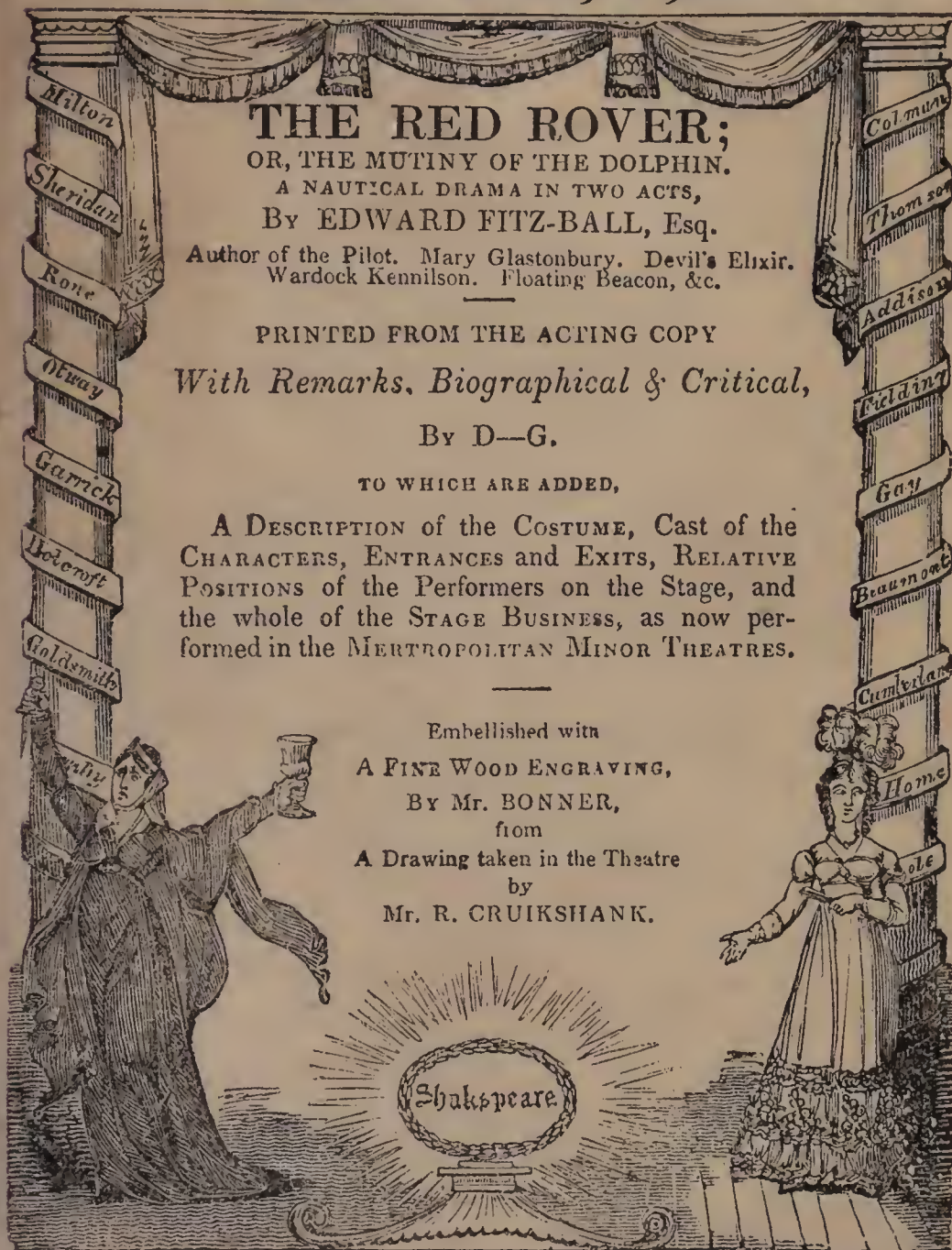
By Mr. BONNER,

from

A Drawing taken in the Theatre

by

Mr. R. CRUIKSHANK.



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The Red Rover.

Rover. Behold and know me!

Wilder. The Red Rover?

Rover. Aye, the R d Rover.

Act I Scene 4.

THE RED ROVER,
OR, THE MUTINY OF THE DOLPHIN :
A NAUTICAL DRAMA,

In Two Acts,

BY EDWARD FITZBALL, Esq.,

*Author of Wardock Kennilson, Haunted Hulk, The Pilot, Peveril
of the Peak, The Three Hunchbacks, Fortunes of Nigel, Joan of Arc,
The Earthquake, Devil's Elixir, Mary Glastonbury, Floating
Beacon, Waverley, Colonel of Hussars, Kæuba, Inn-
keeper of Abbeville, The Flying Dutchman,
Thalaba, &c.*

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D.—G.

To which are added

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS,
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LONDON :

DAVIDSON, PETER'S HILL, DOCTORS' COMMONS,
BETWEEN ST. PAUL'S AND UPPER THAMES STREET.

REMARKS.

The Red Rover.

THE wide unbounded sea is one of the grandest and most gratifying objects in nature—Its “swinging slow with sullen roar; its rippling waves by moonlight; its interminable line of burnished gold, when the sun first appears in the horizon—its awful solitude when the bark ploughs slowly—

‘Without one blessed star from Heaven
To light her on her lonely way;’

its soul-cheering animation when a well-appointed fleet rides proudly on its bosom—these, and a thousand other charms, are objects of the most sublime contemplation. But while we express our perfect admiration of this glorious element, we must be permitted to qualify our applause when speaking of the huge leviathan that rides it. A short voyage, and a merry one, is of all things, the most exhilarating and delightful. We entertain, however, a very different opinion when the limit is overleaped of a pleasant trip by the Margate steamer! Our great moralist held a ship in sufficient horror—“Tis a prison,” he exclaimed, “without the advantage of being on land”—though a prison now-a-days, from its superior comfort and accommodation, is rather a temporary retirement from professional labour, *pour me delasser*, than a penitentiary, or place of punishment! There may appear a certain ludicrous discrepancy in this dictum of the Doctor’s, when we call to mind the odd fashion of his own peculiar location: but the lion could emerge from his den in *Bolt Court*, to literary converse and conviviality; whereas the sailor, when once

fairly afloat, must cry, like the starling, "I can't get out, I can't get out!"

A ship has been called the great wooden horse of nature, for the accommodation of all such as want to ride post haste from one world to the other.

'Tis the aquatic Bridewell of the nation, where incorrigible rogues are sent to wear out ropes, and make more work for the industrious ladies of London.

'Tis the grand patron of trade and commerce, by sinking one half of our manufactures, to bring the other to a better market.

'Tis Belzebub's grand arsenal, where lie all the infernal engines that cast forth Lucifer's thunderbolts.

A ship has been compared to a commonwealth, and the comparison carried down from the vane to the keelson, and from his worship the captain as low as the swabber—but the sage undoubtedly hit the mark, who compared it to a vain woman—

Not that both happen to be of the feminine gender—but because her rigging and fittings are worth double her carcass.

We are introduced on board the Dolphin, a piratical vessel, commanded by a sanguinary ruffian, the Red Rover, who kidnaps old ladies and young, less for purposes of gallantry than extortion—

Hoping, for their speedy ransom,
To make 'em come down something handsome.

The Dolphin is riding in Newport Harbour. Her movements excite the suspicions of Hector Homespun, an inquisitive gossiping tailor, who, accidentally meeting with an officer in the King's service, freely communicates them, and joins in a scheme for the apprehension of the Red Rover, under the promise of a purse of money and a knighthood. Like most rogues, the Rover has many disguises, and the character of his majesty's functionary is one of them. True to time and place—night, on the sea shore, Hector is exultingly soliloquizing on the cut and colour of his new coat, when he is surprised and kidnapped by a part of the Dolphin's crew, hurried on board, where he makes capital sport for the ship's company, as will be seen in the sequel.

The Dolphin, *it would seem*, is bound to Carolina; and two ladies are about to embark on the following morn:

the widow De Lacy, who has come, like the sea, to cast off her weeds ; and Miss Gertrude, whose dancing at the Newport ball has bewitched the heart of Lieutenant Wilder, of his majesty's ship the Dart, whose vocation it is to keep a sharp look-out for the Rover's vessel, which is thought to be hovering round the coast. Hearing of the ladies' intended embarkation, he resolves on a bold attempt to avert their fate. He hurries on board, applies for a berth, and being a fine bold fellow, is appointed second in command and soon made acquainted with the dangerous service in which he has volunteered. At this moment a boat appears alongside with the ladies. The wind is favourable—hey for Carolina !

To dispel ennui, a ball is got up on board—one Jack Tar scrapes the fiddle, another (Fid) dances a hornpipe. Hector is then marched on, to the tune of "The Devil among the Tailors," elevated on a three-legged stool, and made to chaunt a ludicrous ditty, which giving some offence to the crew, they thrust him into a cask and threaten to throw him overboard. Fid, the Vestris of the ship's company, an honest, light-hearted, though somewhat prolix mariner, interposes in the unhappy tailor's behalf ; the men grumble and skulk below ; the sparks of mutiny are kindled, and ere long blown into a flame.

The widow De Lacy, by a certain mysterious sympathy (the never failing prelude to some remarkable discovery), had cast on Lieutenant Wilder an unusually favourable eye. The lieutenant had been snatched in infancy from a watery grave by Fid, and one Guinea, a faithful negro. His parents were unknown, till the tailor's mishap clears up the mystery. A sail is descried—'tis the Dart in pursuit. Rover accuses the lieutenant of betraying his course to the enemy ; Wilder indignantly denies the charge. The crew, burning rith rage for their late affront, demand the lives of the spies ; a gust of wind blows down the flag—'tis a signal to the enemy ! the Mutineers fire, the negro is killed ; and a dog's collar that he had kept fastened round his arm as a memento, being shown to Madame, the name of "Paul De Lacy" appears inscribed upon it, which, after some further explanation on the part of Fid, proves the lieutenant to be her long-lost son. At this moment the Dart hoists signals of defiance, the mutineers try to fire off one of their cannons, but in vain—the tailor had stuck his bodkin in the touch-hole ! they are driven into the cabin, the

ladies are handed into the jolly-boat, Sam Cutreef (the most ferocious of the Mutineers) shoots the Red Rover, and the mischievous tailor, having left a light burning in the hold, the ship takes fire, and proves her commander's funeral pile.

Mr. Yates, who is peculiarly well adapted for these parts, made the most of this Terror of the Sea. His performance was exceedingly characteristic and bold—Mr. Wilkinson, whose retirement to America in chagrin and disappointment, we, in common with every lover of the drama, cannot but regret, was every inch a tailor. Mr. T. P. Cooke had his hornpipe, which as usual he, to the great delight of the audience, danced with all his wonted energy and spirit.

 D.—G.

Costume.

THE RED ROVER.—*First dress*: Green coat—yellow kerseymere breeches—high boots, and spurs—white coat, with double lapels—broad brim hat, and long flaxen wig.—*Second dress*: Old man's coat and waistcoat—sailor's striped trowsers—striped stockings—shoes—gray wig, and old hat.—*Third dress*: Blue jacket trimmed with gold lace—red stocking tights—red waistcoat—white petticoat—trowsers—blue cloth cap hanging down at the side—black belt—mantle shoes and buckles.

LIEUTENANT WILDER.—Blue naval coat and trowsers—white kerseymere waistcoat—black cap.

FID.—Sailor's blue jacket and trowsers—checked shirt—striped cotton stockings—small hat and shoes.

GUINEA.—Guernsy shirt—canvass trowsers—hat and shoes.

SAM CUTREEF.—*Ibid.*

CORPORAL STIFF.—Old English guard's dress—long gaiters—and three-cornered hat.

HECTOR HOMESPUN.—Lavender-coloured coatee—flowered waistcoat—drab breeches, unbuttoned at the knees—striped stockings—blue silk handkerchief—striped cotton cap—shoes.

MADAME DE LACEY.—Black velvet dress, ornamented with black bugles—black velvet bonnet, and white ostrich feathers—black silk stockings and shoes—reticule.

GERTRUDE.—White walking pelisse—blue bonnet—white stockings, and shoes.

*Cast of the Characters as performed at the Theatre Royal,
Adelphi.*

	1828.	1831.
<i>The Red Rover</i> .	Mr. Yates.	Mr. Yates.
<i>Lieutenant Wilder</i> .	Mr. Hemmings.	Mr. Hemmings.
<i>Fid</i> .	Mr. T. P. Cooke.	Mr. Gallot.
<i>Guinea</i> . . .	Signor Paulo.	Signor Paulo.
<i>Corporal Skiff</i> .	Mr. Saunders.	Mr. Saunders.
<i>Sam Cutreef</i> . . .	Mr. Smith.	Mr. Smith.
<i>Sailor</i>	Mr. Morris	Mr. Morris.
<i>Hector Homespun (the gossiping Tailor of Newport</i>	} Mr. Wilkinson. Mr. Wilkinson.	
<i>Madame de Lacey</i> .	Mrs. Edwin.	Mrs. Gallot.
<i>Gertrude</i>	Mrs. H. Hughes.	Miss Daly.

Sailors, Marines, &c.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this Work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from their own personal observations, during the most recent performances.

R. means *Right* ; L. *Left* ; D. F. *Door in Flat* ; R. D. *Right Door* ; L. D. *Left Door* ; S. E. *Second Entrance* ; U. E. *Upper Entrance* ; M. D. *Middle Door*.

R. means *Right* ; L. *Left* ; C. *Centre* ; R. C. *Right of Centre* ; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

. *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.*

THE RED ROVER;

OR THE MUTINY OF THE DOLPHIN

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An ancient Harbour from the Town of Newport.—The Red Rover's Vessel floating out at Sea.—A Cottage, with a practicable door and window, R. S. E., over the door, "HECTOR HOMESPUN, TAILOR."*—*Shears, sleeve-board, jacket, and tailor's pattern-book seen at the window.*

Music.—*Enter the RED ROVER, L.—he looks cautiously about and then retires, L. S. E.—Enter FID and GUINEA, R. U. E.*

Gui. But I say, Massa, you wrong—

Fid. (c.) Will you hold your infernal jabber? I tell you that the master of that there ship, in the outer harbour of this town of Newport, is no judge of anchorage, or he would drop a sail; mayhap heave away in a line with the southern end of that small matter of an island, and hauling up to it, fasten himself to the spot with good hempen cables, and iron mud-hooks; look at the rationality of what I say, he has come into the anchorage for something or nothing; I suppose you are ready to admit that?

Gui. (L.) [*Amusing himself with tossing a pebble into the air and catching it.*] Iss, massa Fid; iss, him admit that.

Fid. Ugh!—if he came here for nothing, he might have found that much outside; and I'll say no more about it. If for something, he could get it off easier, provided the ship lay somewhere here away; just where I told you, boy, not a fathom more ahead or astern, than where she is now riding. She's no heavier than a handful of feathers for the captain's cot.

Gui. Now, massa Fid—'spose the wind come out fresh

here, at norwest, and a vessel want to get him to sea in him hurry, Eh?—you great scholar Massa Fid, but him never see ship go in wind's teeth, nor hear him monkey talk.

Fid. Monkey talk, you wool-pated nigger, why, harkye Mr. Sip or Scipio—since Scipio is your name on the ship's books—though I would wager my month's pay against a wooden boat-hook, that your father was known at home as Quashee, and your mother as Quasheebea.—

Enter LIEUTENANT WILDER, R. U. E.

But here's master Harry.

Wil. The black is right, the trader has left his vessel in the outer harbour, knowing that the wind holds so much to the westward, at this time of the year; and then you see, he keeps his light spars aloft, altho' it's plain enough by the manner in which his sails are furled, that he is strong handed. Can you make out, boys, whether he has an anchor under foot, or is he merely riding by a single cable? [*The Red Rover is seen, L. S. E., listening.*]

Fid. Ay, ay, your honour, Guinea is right. I see how he rides altogether by his stream, and he keeps every thing in readiness for a sudden move; in ten minutes he would carry his ship beyond the range of the battery, provided he had a capfull of wind.

Rov. [*Advancing, L. C., with a hand whip.*] You appear to be judges in these matters, gentlemen?

Wil. (c.) [*Surveying him with surprise.*] Sir!

[*Fid and Guinea retire up, c.*]

Rov. I say you appear a judge of these matters? ha! you speak like a man who has a right to give an opinion.

Wil. Do you find it remarkable, that one should not be ignorant of a profession that he has diligently pursued during his whole life?

[*Hector Homespun appears at the window, R. S. E., listening while stitching.*]

Rov. [*Aside.*] A lad of some metal. [*To Wilder.*] I confess my ignorance of all maritime affairs. I think you said something concerning the manner in which yonder ship has anchored, and of the condition in which they keep things alow and aloft.

Wil. Aloft and alow!

Rov. Well, aloft and alow; you know I confess my ignorance.

Wil. I spoke of her neatness aloft, but do not affect to judge of things below, at this distance.

Rov. Then it was my error; but you will pardon the want of knowledge in one who professes himself no seaman. I am but an unworthy limb of the law—that is to say, in the service of his majesty, expressly sent from home on a particular errand. It's one thing to settle a point of law, and another to steer a ship.

Wil. [*Aside.*] This confident assurance, I do not comprehend. [*To Rover.*] Sir—your servant, I have no words for idlers. Come, lads, follow. [*Exit, R.*]

Fid. Ay, ay, your honour.

Rov. Seamen, tell me, what's the name of your commander?

Fid. The name of my commander—eh—why—yes—ugh—I am an old fish—d'ye see, and not to be cross-questioned by a land-shark. [*Exit, R.*]

Rov. [*To Guinea, who is following, R.*] Negro, here, inform me the name of your commander, and this reward—
[*Offering a purse.*]

Gui. Him no want money: him no understand—him so stupid—him can't write him own name, tank heaven. Sarvant, him lawyer, [*Laughing.*] he, he, he!

[*Exit R., touching his nose.*]

Rov. Fairly foiled, egad!

Hec. [*Extending himself from the window.*] Sir, Sir.

Rov. Confound it, this officious newsmongering tailor.

Enter HECTOR HOMESPUN, cautiously, from the shop, R. S. E., with shears and jacks.

Rov. (L.) Now, tailor, your business?

Hec. (R.) I think you said, sapient and learned sir, that you were a servant of his most loyal majesty!

Rov. Oh—ah, certainly: I have the honour to be his familiar confidant.

Hec. It is an honour to converse with such a man. [*Mysteriously.*] You see yonder tall ship, sir, there in the outer harbour of this loyal sea-port—

Rov. I do, she seems to be an object of general attention amongst the worthy lieges of this place.

Hec. Therein I conceive, imposing and liberal sir—you have overrated the sagacity of my townsmen. That ship has been lying where you see her for many days, and not a syllable have I heard whispered against her character, by any mortal man, save my discerning self.

Rov. Indeed! I pray what may be the nature of your suspicions?

Hec. Why, sir, I may be wrong, and Heaven pardon me if I am; but this is what has arisen in my mind, on the subject. Yonder tall ship and her crew bear the reputation of being honest traders, 'mongst the good, but not overwise people of Newport; and as such are received and welcomed in the place by the taverners and shop-dealers, but I would not have you imagine, honourable sir, that I have made a garment for the graceless dogs; no, no, they deal with an opponent of mine, neighbour Backstitch, as bad a fellow as themselves; not that I am envious about that, honourable sir—oh, no!

Rov. So I perceive.

Hec. Well, now I'm coming to the very seam of the business: this it is, sir—says I to myself says I, Backstitch is a nefarious rogue, and yonder folks, who encourage him, must be threads out of the same skein. [*Mysteriously.*] It's my firm belief—doubtful and discerning sir, and I've taken my measure, I promise you, that yonder ship belongs to nobody more or less than that terrible scourge of the ocean, the Red Rover—there!

Rov. The Red Rover!

Hec. Oh yes! [*In the yankee tone.*]

Rov. That, indeed, would be a secret worth possessing—

Hec. I'm sure of what I say, but to cut a long thread short then, as I was carrying home neighbour Bundleum's pantaloons last night, a pretty considerable wet shower of rain began to pelt; and while I was boxed up—under an old topsy turvey boat, some of those fellows went past:—they talked, and I listened—I listened, and they talked, like any thing but his Majesty's loyal subjects—I wish Backstitch may get his money, but that says nothing, he's awake as I take it.

Rov. It is well known that a heavy price is set on the Rover's head; and that a rich, ay, and a splendid reward will be the fortune of him, who is the instrument of delivering the whole knot of miscreants into the hands of Government—I should not wonder but it might insure a knighthood.

Hec. Knighthood!

Rov. What is your name?

Hec. My name!—gracious and grateful sir, is Hector

Homespun, tailor and honest man; and loyal, though I say it, to the very pickings.

Rov. Consider your fortune's made: 'tis certain you are a knighted man:—Sir Hector Homespun.

Hec. I—Sir Hector Homespun! [*Flourishing his shears.*] Backstich be—he is only a tailor.

Rov. You are certain, nobody but yourself and myself know of the nature of your suspicions?

Hec. Not a mortal—not so much as the pin on my sleeve has heard a syllable.

Rov. So best—[*Looking out, L.*] you see yonder low point—meet me there at dusk, where the land juts into the outer harbour—from that stand we will make our observations; here our speaking together might excite distrust: remember, on your silence and punctuality depends the favour of the king.

Hec. You may rely on my punctuality—clockwork, illustrious Sir—I will *patten* myself against the most correctest man possible, I will.

Rov. Enough! remember—[*Going—turns and bows most respectfully.*] Sir Hector Homespun—your servant.

[*Exit, L.*

Hec. [*Bowing ludicrously.*] Your servant, from the tip of my collar to the tail of my skirts. So my fortune's made—Sir Hector Homespun! after tailoring and cab-baging through five deadly wars, I am a *knight* as clear as *day*. Wife! Desire, I say—where can my crooked rib be? Lady Homespun, I say; but mum, till I return with my honours, all fluttering about me like so many yards of tape—I'll to my post. Wife! wife! Desire, I say—

[*Exit into the shop, R. S. E.*

SCENE II.—Ruins of a Mill, and Sea View.

Enter LIEUTENANT WILDER, R. S. E.

Wil. Three weeks since, I quitted my own vessel, the Dart, to look out for the Rover's ship, which it is thought is hovering round this coast, and yet I have no dispatches to forward to my captain, except my doubts of yonder vessel. Oh Wilder, Wilder, instead of your wonted attention to duty, beauty seems to have suspended all your hostile and loyal faculties; the lovely girl, with whom I danced at the Newport ball, still runs so in my head, and lays such an embargo on my heart, that could I but call her mine—but—no, no—she is of a

proud family, and I a mere foundling, an outcast from my birth—I,—ah,—[*Looking out, R.*] 'Tis she, by every wave of the ocean—'tis she : but not alone, I will remain on the look-out. [*Retires R. S. E.*]

Music.—Enter GERTRUDE followed by MADAME DE LACY with a reticule.

Mad. [*Entering.*] Gertrude, child, why have you wandered from my side ?

Ger. Seeing you buried in meditation, dear aunt, I merely ventured thus far, to bid farewell to our favourite ruins ; ah, what beautiful scenes ; I wish, instead of your returning to reside with us, my father could be prevailed on to dispose of his estates in Carolina, and come northwards, and reside near your romantic residence the whole year.

Mad. It is not quite so easy for an affluent proprietor to remove, as for a solitary widow like me, child ; besides, I am inclined to think, if your father were to make a change, it would be to return home—that is, to dear Old England altogether.

Ger. And yonder gloomy vessel is to be our prison for the next month ? [*Looking off.*]

Mad. Believe me, my dear niece, if all the dangers you appear to apprehend, existed in reality, the passage would not be made daily in safety ; so be of good cheer, take a long leave of your favourite ruins, and let us return and prepare for a speedy embarkation.

Enter the RED ROVER, disguised as an Old Sailor, with a wallet and stick, L.

Rov. [*Singing as he enters.*]

“ Ben Backstay was a sailor brave,

The blossom of the ocean ;” [*Takes off his hat.*]

Bless your sweet faces, fair ladies, charity,—charity to an old sailor, whose lot it has been to weather all the roughs of life, till he's fairly water-logged, and rendered split and splinter unfit for sarvice. [*Gertrude having received a small piece of silver from Madame de Lacy, drops it in the Rover's hat, and crosses to L.*] Ah ! bless your pretty smile, madam, [*To Gertrude.*] it does an honest tar good ; it reminds him of his better angel aloft—[*Madame also gives money.*] Thankye—thankye.

Mad. Is the wind favourable for sailing to-day, think you, friend ?

Rov. Lord bless your ladyship, marm, we old sea dogs never stay to look into an almanack, to see which way the wind will blow after the next thaw, before we puts to sea; it's enough for us that sailing orders are aboard, and that the captain has taken leave of his lady.

Mad. You are of opinion, then, that the wind is—

[*Wilder advances from R. S. E. having been listening.*]

Rov. Marm, the wind's blowing right. [*Sees Wilder.*] But here's another follower of the sea, marm, come opportunely enough to lend his advice; come hither, my master, you mayhap may be better read in ladies' log-books, than I— [*Wilder bows to the Ladies, who curtsey.*]

Mad. [*To Wilder.*] I beg pardon, sir, what think you of the weather? Would it be favourable in such a time or not? We are about to embark in yonder ship for the province of Carolina, and—

Wil. [*Surprised.*] That ship, lady, that—

Rov. Yes, that ship, [*Pointing L.*] the lady said, that ship, your honour—you do not know any harm of that ship—do you?

Wil. [*Hesitatingly.*] Why—no; but had I a mother or a sister, I would hesitate to let her embark in yonder vessel.

Rov. [*Aside.*] He does suspect, then. [*To Wilder.*] May I ask your honour on what grounds you form your opinion?

Wil. It is sufficiently plain—she is too clean in her harpings, and too full in the counter, to steer; besides this, she carries no head sail, but all the press on her will be aft,—which will jam her into the wind, and more than likely throw her aback—the day will come, when that ship will go down stern foremost.

Rov. [*Aside.*] So—so!

Mad. [*To Wilder.*] Surely you magnify the danger—
[*Crossing to Rover.*] How say you, friend?

Rov. Lord bless your ladyship's marm, in my time such matters were never heard of; and I confess—I'm so stupid, as not to understand half the *young* gentleman has been saying.

Wil. (R.) It is some time, I fancy, old gentleman, since you were at sea.

Rov. (L.) Five years since the last time, and fifty since the first.

Mad. (L. c.) But how are we to reconcile the difference of these opinions?

Rov. Oh, your ladyship, two of a trade, you know, seldom agree; but is it likely that I, who have sailed above salt water for fifty long years, should not know the disposition of a ship from keel to topmast? [*Laughing.*] ha!—ha!—ha!—that young gentleman is a gammoning you, ladies.

Wil. Sdeath, I—madam, believe me, I am sincere in what I say, I do affirm that I think there will be great danger in embarking in yonder vessel, and in so saying, I am actuated by no malice to her commander, her owners, or any one connected with her.

Mad. Yet we have letters in her recommendation of the utmost strength and credit—however, we do not doubt your sincerity, sir, we only think you may be somewhat in error; at the same time we offer you our thanks. Come, Gertrude, [*Crossing to R.*] we must refer our doubts to those friends on whose judgment we may best rely.

Ger. [*Crossing to Madame, R.*] Oh, I'm sure, dear aunt, there seems so much energy, so much truth in this gentleman's assertions, that I, for my part, could listen and confide in him—for ever.

Mad. His assertions shall be duly weighed, Gertrude, your arm.

[*The Ladies curtsey and exeunt, R.*]

Rov. Bless ye, sweet ladies, bless ye—[*Aside, looking at Wilder.*] And he—an honest brave heart he wears, but dangerous; he must be watched; he shall—Ha, ha,—but I must to my appointment with Sir Hector Home-spun.

[*Hurries off L. unperceived by Wilder.*]

Wil. Gone—so lovely—so enchanting.—Should the crew of that vessel be what I half suspect, there—defenceless—utterly unprotected, yon trembling innocent, might indeed deplore a doom too terrible to mention. I'll bribe the old sailor to follow them, and swear that he is at length convinced of my arguments—[*Turning round.*] Sailor! where is he?—gone? Sunk like a hull into the deep: I like not his manner, his sarcastic familiarity; what if he should be some agent of the Red Rover; I will be convinced; I'll go on board the ship myself. Yes, my resolution is formed—what ho, Fid! Guinea! Where are ye?

[*Exit, L.—Music till after the change of scene.*]

SCENE III.—*The Sea-Coast.*

Enter FID, and GUINEA, L.

Fid. As sure as the sea's water, Guinea, I heard master Harry sing out, back-water there—so, so, look a-head there, isn't that a woman's ensign he's just now parted from—a petticoat fluttering over the beach—eh?

Gui. Iss him tink him is a petticoat, massa Fid, him not certain.

Fid. Heaven help you! stupid black noddle! I hopes as how Master Harry isn't about to get spliced, without ever so much as axing my opinion as to what manner of a mate I'd like him to lay alongside on—howsomdever I never could diskiver the great use of that there matrimony, not I. Do you know, Guinea, when I was a youngster myself, Sal Slamhock did somehow gammon and manoeuvre me to go before parson, to make her an honest woman, as she said, seeing as how I had gotten a jolly good cargo of money just then. Well, to set Sal's conscience at rest, spliced we was, and what do you think happened?

Gui. Guinea no guess, massa.

Fid. Why, next morning, home comes two of Sal's other husbands; so off I sheers to sea again, leaving love and parfidy to be settled by the land lubbers after their own natural fashion.

Wil. [*Within, R.*] Fid: Guinea!

Fid. Here comes master Harry—Yeo ho, your honour.

Enter LIEUTENANT WILDER, L.

Wil. [*Crossing to c.*] Lads, it is proper you should know something of my future movements: we have been shipmates for more than twenty years; I was no better than an infant, Fid, when you brought me to the commander of your ship; and you were not only instrumental in saving my life, but in putting me in a situation to become an officer.

Fid. Ay, ay, you were no great matter-master Harry, as to bulk—half a yard of hammock served you for a berth at that time.

Wil. I owe you a heavy debt, Fid, for that one generous act; and something, I may add, for your steady adherence to me since.

Fid. Yes! yes! I'm pretty steady in my conduct, master Harry, in this here business; more particularly,

seeing I've never let go my grappling-irons, though when I've got a little too much grog aboard, you've so often threatened to turn me adrift.

Wil. Well, well, say no more about that; you know that little else than death can part us, unless, indeed, you choose to quit me now. It is right you should know that I'm engaged in a desperate pursuit, and one that may easily end in ruin to myself, and those that accompany me. I feel reluctant to part with you, my friends, for it may be a final parting; but, at the same time, you should know all my danger. [*The stage progressively becomes dark.*]

Fid. Danger! is there any more travelling by land?

Wil. No.

Fid. Damn all other dangers?

Wil. When you know the nature of the enterprise—

Fid. I want to know nothing about it, Master Harry; havn't I sailed often enough, with you, under sealed orders, to trust an old body once more in your company, without forgetting my duty—what say you, Guinea?—Will you ship, or shall we leave you kicking on this low point to scrape an acquaintance with the clam?

Gui. Him berry well off,—and him neber leave Massa Harry, as long as him live, so help him goly!

Fid. That's your sort, my lad—Guinea is like the launch of one of the coasters, always towing in your wake. Master Harry, I'm often luffing athwart your hawse, or getting foul in some way or other of your displeasure, because of that unhappy trifling knack of mine—which my mother, poor soul, had before me; howsomdever, Guinea and I are both shipped in your books, as you see in this here course, with the particulars of which we both are satisfied; so pass the word amongst us, what's to be done next, and no more parlery.

Wil. We have spoken together of yonder ship—

Fid. The trader, as she's called, though to my thinking she's as likely to be a trader as I am to be made Lord High Admiral of England, and that isn't a thing that will come to pass very soon—seeing as how the king, Heaven bless him, doesn't know much of my merits.

Wil. Trader, or what else she may be, into the boat there, and pull towards her as quickly as possible.

Fid. How! Master Harry, pull towards—

Wil. Are my first orders to be disputed?

Fid. No, no, by no manner of means whatsomdever.

Wil. [*Looking, L.*] If I have eyes, they are stirring on her decks?

Fid. Sartinly, I should say, that the cook was splitting a log, and the captain had sung out for his night-cap.

Wil. Forward to the boat, it grows late—forward.

Fid. Ay, ay, your honour. [*Exeunt, L.*]

Enter HECTOR HOMESPUN, *cautiously, R., stage half dark.*

Hec. They are gone at last. Hem! I've got quite a stitch in my side with anxiety, I declare; I'm first to the appointed interview, I perceive. What shall I do to beguile the time; oh, I know, I'll think of the colour of the suit it will be best for me to be presented at court in. [*Unfolds a long book of patterns.*] I wonder what colour his majesty prefers? red—no, that's too soldierish—blue—no, that's too sailorish? green, no,—greens too tailorish—doesn't suit my complexion—besides, I abominate greens.—Black—ay,—black's the colour for a knight.—Bless me, night seems fast approaching—then for a star and garter. [*Displaying his leg.*] Lady Homespun herself allows me all the merit of a calf. [*Meditating.*] red—blue—green—

Music.—*Enter* CORPORAL STIFF, *L., heading four of the Rover's marines.*

Cor. Hee—hem! march—face—halt—

Hec. [*Not seeing them.*] It shall be red—then, there's a riding habit for Lady Homespun, and jacket and trousers for the eleven little Masters Homespun; what charming pages for his majesty? [*Turns and sees the Corporal.*] Eh! how's this? his majesty's livery, and paying respect to me; I must fit myself to my new condition. [*Drawing himself up, endeavouring to conceal the pattern-book, but in vain, and hiding it behind him.*] Curse the book, it betrays everything; your servant, sir—your servant—

Cor. [*Advancing a step forward, puts his hand to his forehead.*] Hem! I'm Corporal Stiff?

Hec. Buckram, I should have thought.

Cor. Hec—hem! is your name Homespun?

Hec. Oh—yes—

Cor. Hec—hem, you must with us, aboard yonder ship.

Hec. [*Alarmed.*] I aboard a ship! you mistake, I'm a tailor, not a sailor; and of all the ships in the sea, that ship, too!—

Cor. You say your name is Homespun?

Hec. Oh, no—

Cor. Hec—hem! marines, do your duty.

Hec. [Going to R., but is stopped by two of the Marines, who present their muskets at him.] Hollo! turn your muzzles the other way—you may do a mischief. Oh, mercy on me, what shall I do? this must be a press-gang. oh! that I were in my own clothes-press at home, where my wife always locks me up, when I get fuddled.

Cor. Hec—hem! left face—march. [Music.]

Hec. Oh, dear! what will become of me?

[Exeunt two Marines, Hector, two other Marines, and Corporal.]

SCENE IV.—*A Broadside Section of the Red Rover's vessel, lying at anchor, and a distant view of Newport Harbour, by moonlight.*

MUSIC.—Enter the RED ROVER, L., in a Commander's dress, enveloped in a mantle.

Rov. 'Tis plain the Government men mistrust my station; yon bold, but cautious young seaman, is he not on shore to watch my movements along the coast? but enough, the wind once favourable, and the women lured on board, I crowd all sails without delay; the girl will prove a prize of no mean value, for her ransom, her rich father shall count me down some thousands of his gold pieces; what ho! corporal!—

Enter CORPORAL STIFF, L., respectfully placing his hand to his forehead.

You are in good time!—have you been successful?

Cor. Hec, hem! I have.

Rov. Place the individual before me.

[Music.]

Cor. [Turning, L.] Hec—hem! forward.

Enter the Lieutenant of the Rover's vessel, who shakes hands with the Rover, and crosses to R.—Two Marines and two Sailors, carrying in HECTOR HOMESPUN cross-legged; followed by two more Marines—The Sailors place Hector on the hatchway, sitting cross-legged

Rov. [Having received the Lieutenant's sword.] Welcome to Sir Hector Homespun?

Hec. [With his pattern-book unfolded round his neck.] What place is this, so full of worldly vanities?—and where am I! after having lived through—

Rov. I say, welcome to Sir Hector.

Hec. Oh! be thou lenient to the father of a large little family. I have an amiable straight-forward wife—with a crooked temper—eleven small children, and a tom-cat. It is but little, valiant pirate, that can be gotten from a hard-working upright tradesman, who sitteth from the rising to the setting of the sun, cross-legged, and bent over his labours.

Rov. [*Laughing.*] These are debasing terms, and that a degrading station for chivalry; but I understand, your time is come—your merits shall meet their reward. [*A chord.—The Rover strikes Hector on the head with his sword, Hector trembling, and the Crew all laughing.*] Rise up, Sir Hector Homespun.

Hec. [*Rising.*] I'm a miserable cutter of garments, an undone putter-together of cloth.

Rov. Cheer, cheer, honest and loyal tailor, it was but an hour since you complained that no custom came to your shop, from this vessel; now, you are about to do the business of the whole ship.

Hec. Ah—pusillanimous and magnanimous Rover, I am an impoverished and forlorn man; my life has been made up of nothing but patches and stitches. Oh—yes——

Rov. Enough—I have said fortune had began to smile. You shall not set a stitch aboard this vessel, without your reward; behold——

[*Lifting a canvass from off a sack, piled with bags of money, golden goblets, &c., R. S. E.*

Hec. Amazement! am I awake? now my reason settles a little, this place is not so frightful as I suspected. Perhaps, just gentlemen, you would in your magnanimity suffer me to import a portion of that shining ore to my amiable partner, Desire, for her maintenance in my absence, and be assured that I will return to my duty here, on the very shortest notice! O yes!

Rov. [*Advancing to Hector, who retreats backwards to L., alarmed.*] O no! this is but the very spirit of cabbaging, a little distorted; take my bounty with my oath, and your knightship, but—know—gossiping and officious tailor of Newport, those who enter the Rover's vessel seldom or ever desert it. [*Crossing back to R.*

Hec. I'm basted to the back seam, folded, and locked up for life. What will become of my wife, and my eleven little pickaninies—lost—lost—lost. [*Weeps.*

Cor. [*Advancing, pushes Hector unceremoniously to L.*] Hec,

hem! a boat alongside, your honour, a young gentleman in her with two seamen.

Rov. What seek they?

Cor. Hec—hem! an interview with the commander of this ship.

Rov. Enough! admit their leader—and, you there, show the tailor to his berth.

Hec. To my berth, to my death, a precious berth, with a bulk-head for a shopboard, and a hot bullet for a goose.

[Music.—One of the Sailors opens the grating and hatchway.]

Rov. Away—away!

[Hector is hurried down the hatchway, c., by the two Sailors, who follow him—Exeunt the Lieutenant, Corporal Stiff, and Marines, R.]

Rov. *[Looking over the side of the ship.]* He, here!

Music.—Enter LIEUTENANT WILDER, over the side of the ship, c.

Rov. Well, sir, your business? You seek on board this vessel——

Wil. *[Coming forward, L.]* A berth.

Rov. Indeed! You want service?

Wil. One should be ashamed of idleness in these stirring times.

Rov. You say well, young man! Doubtless, you thought it prudent to make some inquiries into the nature of our traffic before you came hither in search of employment.

Wil. You are said to be a trader, by the townsmen of Newport.

Rov. *[Laughing.]* Ha, ha, ha! Your village gossips are seldom wrong. Look at my ship—does she meet your ideas of discipline?

Wil. *[Perceiving the cannons in front in port-holes.]* I find you are armed at all points.

Rov. You should know more of us before we proceed to drive our bargain. Here. *[Taking a parchment commission of a brig from beneath his mantle, and giving it to Wilder.]* You will perceive by this that we have letters of marque on board, and are duly authorized to fight the battles of the king, while we are conducting our own peaceable affairs.

Wil. *[Having opened and examined the parchment.]* This is the commission of a brig. Besides, you surely carry more than ten guns!

Rov. I dare say you've heard of such things as stretching a commission.—But since you have placed yourself in my power, I need not fear to tell you, sir, that ours is a hazardous trade.

Wil. I understand.

Rov. Some call it a lawless one, but you have not come here without your errand ; and I will be frank and tell you at once, that I have need of you ; an older man, though I dare say not more bold than yourself, occupied the larboard state-room within the month ; but, poor fellow, he's food for fishes ere this.

Wil. He was drowned ?

Rov. Not he ; he died in open battle with a king's ship.

Wil. [*Confused, drops the parchment.*] A king's ship !

Rov. You start : are there no king's ships but those of England ? No flags but those of George ? What think you of the lily of France ? [*Takes up a white flag, waves it, and drops it.*] Or the gorgeous Spaniard ? [*Unfurls another flag, as before.*] Or the Portuguese ? [*Displays a third flag.*] You see I boast the colours of all nations.

Wil. And which of these colours do you yourself assume ?

Rov. This. [*Waving a crimson flag and throwing off his mantle.*] Behold and know me !

[*Music.*]

Wil. The Red Rover ?

Rov. Ay, the Red Rover ! [*Music.—Strikes a gong which is hanging near R. 3rd E. and the deck is filled with the whole Crew, all armed, from various entrances, R. and L.—After a pause.*] Comrade ! messmate ! I receive you with open arms. [*Shaking hands.*] This sudden confidence may perhaps surprise you ; but as our ship lists cannot be opened by beat of drum, we cannot afford scruples. Now, sir, enter your name on the ship's books.

[*Sam Cutreef having brought in a folio book, with parchment binding, holds it to Wilder, while another Sailor stands, L., with pen and ink.*]

Wil. (L. c.) Enter my name ?

Rov. (R.) Ay, 'tis the custom here ; and if you mean us well, sign.

Wil. [*Signing.*] Henry Wilder.

Rov. [*Examining.*] Henry Wilder, that is your name ? [*Wilder bows.*] Lieutenant Wilder, you are welcome. My men, know and respect your officer.—One cheer for Lieutenant Wilder. [*Music.—The Crew huzza—Exeunt Cor-*

poral Stiff and Marines, R.—all the rest of the Crew remain.
Now, sir, we understand each other.

Wil. Perfectly. I will leave you for the night, and return to my duty in the morning. *[Crossing to R.]*

Rov. *[Tapping him on the shoulder.]* It isn't usual for my officers to leave me at this hour; you'll find me an attached friend, and one who little likes a separation.

Wil. I must return to the land, if it be only to know that I am entrusted, and not a prisoner.

Rov. There is either generous sentiment or deep villainy in this; I will believe the former,—only declare, that while ashore you will not betray the character of this ship to any mortal.

Wil. Am I to swear it?

Rov. Oh no. Oaths were made for men who need laws to govern them: I rely on your word—the word of a seaman.

Wil. *[Aside.]* Unfortunate confidence! how am I to abuse it? Yet some means must and shall be done to warn the lovely Gertrude from her fate.

Rov. *[Who had retired up and returned.]* You hesitate—am I not understood?

Wil. Perfectly: farewell, till morning.

Sam. What cheer, ho! a boat alongside.

Rov. *[Looking over the side of the vessel, c.]* A boat! By all my hopes, the women. Away with the ship, boys.

[Gives directions.]

Wil. *[Turning back from the ship's side.]* Gertrude here! lost, lost!

[Music.—The Sailors pull ropes with the usual “Yeo! yeo!” while the Boatswain keeps whistling, as a slung chair is hoisted, first with MADAME DE LACY, and afterwards with GERTRUDE—the Red Rover assisting and handing the Ladies forward to L.]

Mad. *[Seeing Wilder.]* Amazement! whom do I see, after such admonition? he here!

Ger. *[Aside.]* What joy——

Rov. *[Advancing to Wilder.]* Have the ladies so transfixed you, sir, that you still hesitate to leave us?

Wil. My mind has veered about, captain—besides, the wind, I see, is favourable for sailing: I shall remain where I am, in readiness to obey your orders.

Rov. That's well—and those men alongside?

Wil. They are my long-trying and faithful followers :
what, ho ! *Fid ! Guinea ! ho !*

Music.—*Enter FID, followed by GUINEA, over the side of the vessel, c.*

Fid. Ay, ay, your honour—

Wil. Know your commander, and your ship.

Fid. Long life to his honour ! Oh, Master Harry, that's your sort—it does the midships of my old heart good to feel myself tossing and pitching again on a grating, it's so natural to a body. A man must be little better than a horseblock, who could prefer that there dirty dry land to the rolling of the salt waters, and the sweet pitch and tar, and all the other parfumes of the ocean : what say you, Guinea ?
[*Striking him on the back.*]

Gui. Ay, ay, masser ! but you hit dam hard, masser.

Fid. I ask pardon, your honour, and your honour's ladyship, if I've neglected the train of my manners.

Wil. Up with the boat, and to your posts.

Fid. Ay, ay, your honour.

[*Exeunt Fid and Guinea over the ship's side, c.*]

Rov. The wind sets full in our sail, and blows direct to Carolina : pass the word, Lieutenant Wilder. [*Wilder gives directions to the Men, who appear all in action, pulling ropes, &c.*] All hands a-hoy—let fly your three topsails—up with your gib and staysail—hard-a-port with the helm—she feels it—fire a stern-chaser to say farewell to the good people of Newport.

[*A very loud beat given on the kettle-drum.*]

FINALE.

TRIO.—GERTRUDE, HECTOR, and WILDER.

Ger. Farewell to the friends we are leaving behind us !

Farewell to the land, to the hill, and the vale ;
Oh, Heaven, from danger defend and protect us,
As over the blue waves we sail.

Enter HECTOR, from the hatchway, with his head bound with a handkerchief, pale and dismayed.

Hec. O stop, stop the ship,
I shall die if you don't.

Crew. Ods life, 'tis the tailor
Of Newport, I swear.

Hec. O stop, stop the ship,

I'm a shred, I'm a patch !
Crew Pop him under the hatch.
 [*Sailors bear Hector down the hatchway.*]
Wil. Man, man the sails,
 While the weather is fine.
Chorus. Farewell, &c.

[*During the finale, the Rover paces to and fro—the Sailors are pulling ropes, with all the preparations for sailing—the harbour and town of Newport receding with due panoramic effect—at the closing of the finale, a boat is hoisted alongside the vessel, with Fid and Guinea, and luggage—the scene is completely full of business as the drop falls.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Main Deck of the Rover's Vessel.—Cannons placed through the port-holes, R. and L.—A cabin door, R. C., and L. C., with ladders at the side of each to go above deck, mast, rigging, &c.—A calm at sunrise.—The crimson flag on the platform, R.*

Music.—**MADAME DE LACY, GERTRUDE, and LIEUTENANT WILDER** discovered.

Mad. The sun rising at sea is indeed a welcome and glorious object: scarcely less delightful must be the sight of distant land, after a long voyage, to the eye of a seaman.

Wil. Not always is the sight of land so cheering, madam—the eye accustomed to gaze long upon the sea imbibes for it an affection similar to that which it feels for an old and valued friend.

Mad. Yes: and I fear you too often love the wild perils of the deep, better than your quiet and peaceful homes.

Wil. I, at least, am free from that charge, since to me a ship has always been a home.

Mad. Much of my life, too, has been wasted in one: happy and miserable have been the hours that I have passed upon the ocean: and yet the customs seem changed since the days I mention.—Pray, Mr. Wilder, is it usual to admit an utter stranger to exercise authority aboard a ship which he has scarcely seen: yourself, for instance,

you take a command here, yet deny all knowledge of the captain till last night.

Wil. I have engaged myself to attend the vessel to the end of the voyage, madam.

Mad. After the opinions you were pleased to express of this vessel, I did not expect to find you filling a place of such responsibility here.

Ger. We may hope that the danger you either saw or imagined lessened in your judgment; otherwise you would not be so ready to encounter it in our company, sir.

Wil. You do me injustice, lady; there is no danger I would not cheerfully encounter to save *you* from harm.

Ger. Have we really aught to apprehend, sir?

Mad. My dear Gertrude, don't alarm yourself; Mr. Wilder thinks it no crime to laugh at credulous females.

Wil. On the faith which a gentlemen owes to all your sex, madam, what I have already told you I still continue to believe: and still repeat, that neither mother, nor sister of mine, should make this passage in the *Dolphin*.

Mad. For pity's sake, what are we to think?—Your look, your manner, your air, all confirm your sincerity: inform us, I beseech you.

Wil. Hush, lady, be guarded.

[*A Sailor comes up the hatchway, and turns to R. U. E., examining a rope.*]

Wil. The people are coming on deck, [*The cabin door L. C. opens.*] and see, the captain himself approaches: if you are wise, give no colour to suspicions which Heaven may best render fruitless: till we speak again, I entreat, be careful.

[*Walks aside to R. U. E.*]

Mad. I shall. Perhaps I ought to be ashamed of this weakness—and yet the mysterious interest excited by his earnest manner—fear nothing, Gertrude, he does but trifle with our woman's fears.

[*Struggling to conceal her own fears.*]

Ger. Hush! the captain.

Enter the RED ROVER from the Cabin, L. C.

Rov. [*Advancing, c.*] Your servant—ladies I fear you think our seafaring life a dull and monotonous round.

Enter some of the Crew from the hatchway, followed by FID and GUINEA.

Enter CORPORAL STIFF from the cabin door, R. C.

Mad. Nature has done much, sir, to render it otherwise: what can be more interesting than moonlight on the waves, or sunrise at sea?

Rov. But art has also it's share in our enjoyments, as my crew could tell you, madam. [*To Gertrude.*] What would you say to a ball on deck, young lady, not inferior to one of your public breakfastings ashore.

Ger. A ball without a female would at least be thought an unusual amusement to us uninstructed people of terra firma.

Rov. It might be better for a lady or two, I confess: will you honour my deck with the grace of your steps: or shall my crew endeavour to entertain you?

Fid. Or, if her ladyship would have no objection to a little of the nautical, Guinea and I, and Corporal here, will soon show her, that while soldiers and sailors can fight for the fair sex in war, they can also splice their best endeavours to amuse them in peace.

Rov. Well said: here, boatswain, pipe all hands aboard, and pass the word for mischief.

Sam. [*Looking down the hatchway.*] All hands a-hoy for mischief.

MUSIC.—*Enter the rest of the sailors from the hatchway, one with a drum, another with a violin; and others with three camp chairs, which they place L. for Madame, the Red Rover, and Gertrude. Lieutenant Wilder standing next to Gertrude, during the preparation for the dance.*

Fid. Ben, bouse up, and give us a jolly good scrape.
[*The sailor with the fiddle sits on the gun carriage L. 3d. E. and the drummer, R.*]

Fid. Strike up.

A HORNPIPE—FID.

Rov. [*Handing the ladies towards the cabin, L. C.*] Boatswain, give a double allowance of grog to the men.

Crew. Huzza!

[*Exeunt Madame, Gertrude, and the Red Rover into the cabin, L. C.*]

Sailor. I say, lads, what say you to a lark? Let's have a song or a dance from the tailor.

[*Exeunt three Sailors into the cabin, R.*]

Re-enter Sailors, bringing in HECTOR HOMESPUN, who appears rather dismayed.

Sam. Ay, ay ; now play up, fiddler—the Devil among the Tailors.

[Hector occasionally takes snuff from a small tin canister, from which the Sailors help themselves unceremoniously.]

Crew. *[Laughing.]* Ha, ha, ha.

Cor. Hec, hem ! Heads up, toes out.

[Strikes Hector with his rattan.]

Hec. I tell ye, gracious gentlemen, I'm no doer of hornpipe steps, which are at best but vanity : neither have I been accustomed to lift my voice in profane ditties : neither am I a man to turn out my toes, seeing that I have sat cross-legged from infancy to my manhood upwards : I have, oh yes.

[Takes a pinch of snuff, which completely besmears his nose and upper lip.]

Sam. Avast, there ; tip us none of your land lingo, but pipe a good rum sea chant, or we'll stow you into that ere scutter butt, and give you a souse or two over the ship's side.

Hec. *[Looking at Sam.]* What an ugly man that is. Why, really, generous and musical marauders, I know but one, a sort of distitch of my own, and if you will not find fault with the measure, soon will I invoke the sacred nine, and you shall have it in a basting.

Sam. Silence for the tailor's song.

Sailor. Aloft with him.

Crew. Ay, ay, aloft with him, that all may hear.

[Laughing.] Ha, ha, ha !

[Music.—The Sailors lift Hector on a three-legged stool ; he appears fearful of falling.]

Gui. Now, Masser tailor, sing lily song.

Hec. Why you have been staring at me till you are black in the face.

Crew. The song, the song. Silence !

SONG—HECTOR HOMESPUN.

It was all on board of a man of war,
That a gallant tailor did take command,
Till he came up with a Rover's ship,
And boarded her with shears in hand.

[Sailors all laugh.]

The Rover looked out of the larboard window,
 "You rascally dog," said he,
 But the tailor cut off the Rover's head with his shears,
 And it tumbled into the sea. *[All laugh.]*

Oh then, said the tailor, to his merry men all—
[Music.—A burst of fury from the crew interrupts the song; they seize the tailor, and force him into a cask, which they all aid to swing over the ship's side into the sea, R. S. E.]
 Crew. Over with him; into the sea!

Hec. [Showing his head from an opening at the top of the cask.]
 Murder—help—murder.

MUSIC.—Enter FID hastily, from the cabin door, R.

Fid. What the devil's all this? Have a care, you'll let the man overboard. *[Seizing a rope and lowering the cask.]*

Gui. Him tailor, massa Fid; if him clothes tear, him can mend them; him only Yankee tailor, massa Fid.

Fid. A tailor, you varment! And isn't a tailor a man? Lower him aboard again—and you, for shame, to take advantage of a poor water-logg'd swab, like that, who is no better than a pickled herring among you.

Sam. It was only meant for a bit of a lark.

Fid. A lark! For my part I would sooner be the veriest needle driver that ever manufactured a jacket out of a tarpauling, than I'd belong to a set of lubbers who are for ever taking advantage of a man's infirmities, to make him the butt and sport of swabs, whose upper rigging, mayhap, is as lightly hung as his own.

Sam. Ulllo!

Fid. Ulli! and then you won't break your shins.

Sailor. [Sternly.] What!

Fid. None of your glum looks at me. *[Throwing down his hat.]* I'm plain Dick Fid, formerly of His Majesty's ship the Dart.

Sam. Ah!

Fid. Oh, what you chin it; put it in your pipe and smoke it. I'm not to be put down from Christian charity by the best lubber that ever stepped between stem and stern aboard this here hooker. *[Music.—Exeunt the Crew sulkily, some down the hatchway, and others into the cabin, R. c.]* Haul the tailor out.

Gui. [Helping Hector out of the cask.] Him berry sorry him put tailor in cask. *[Exit down the hatchway.]*

Fid. Rouse yourself upon your pins. Why can't you steady yourself upon your keel?

Hec. [*Reeling.*] Saint Bodkin defend me and all other mortals from an untimely end. How my brain is snafled. Five cruel and terrible wars have I lived, and yet I am preserved for this shameful and unsightly end at last. Oh la!

Fid. End! Set the breeze of your heart a stirring, and up with the mainsail of your courage, man.

Hec. Courage! Oh, Master Fid, Master Fid, too well do I know the cut of this lawful and lawless ship.

Fid. Lawful and lawless! What's all this?

Hec. What's all this? havn't you comprehension? havn't you no sea larning?

Offers snuff from his little canister.

Fid. Harkye, brother. Whatever be the other good points of Richard Fid, his worst friends can't accuse him of being much of a scholard, seeing as how my edication first commenced in a butter boat; this being the case, I didn't think fit to ask a look at the sailing orders on coming aboard; I spose, howsomdever, they can be forthcoming if needful, and that no honest tar need be ashamed to be found cruising under the same.

Hec. Heaven mend thy noddle for that of a doltard; thou hast two eyes, and a needle hath but one; yet is a needle sharper in point than thou, not to see the nater of this ship, and how she cuts her cloth. Oh, you are bought and sold to Beelzebub without even knowing the condition. Oh yes! [*In the Yankee singing tone.*]

Fid. I say, messmate, it may be as well to overhawl your ideas, before you let them slip in this fashion from your tongue. I would wish to treat a gentleman as a gentleman; but if you comes any more of your sinnivations about my commander here selling me to that ere mister Beelzebub, blow my jacket but I souses you again in the trimming of a top gallant sail.

Hec. Nay, but passive and unfortunate Mr. Fid, you wouldn't wish, I am thinking, with all due deference, to follow your said commander to so unseemly and pernicious a place as a gallows, would you?

Fid. Wouldn't I? If I wouldn't, I'm d——d.

Hec. Mercy on me; you are the most violentest man in your fidelity I know.

Fid. After following his fortunes for four-and-twenty years, I should be no better than a sneak were I to drop a stern 'cause such a trifling thing as a gallows hove in sight.

[*Exit down the hatchway.*]

Hec. If that's the case, I—[*Voices in tumult heard beneath hatchway.*]—They are beginning again. If their anger should rise against me, I am a ruined cutter of superfine. Oh, Desire!—oh, my eleven little brats—my spirits are becoming threadbare, and my hopes are out at elbows: oh!

Sam. [*Beneath the hatchway.*] We won't be baulked in our harmless lark. Tumble up, lads, let's have a lark with the tailor—slew him to the mouth of the great gun, and blow him to Davy Jones.

Hec. Oh la! they want to have a lark with me: and they call slewing me to the great gun, and blowing me to Davy Jones, a harmless joke. Oh! what will become of me; if they could blow me ashore, and Lady Home-spun could catch me in her apron, I were a happy tailor—oh!

Re-enter SAM CUTREEF, and part of the crew hastily, up the hatchway.

Sam. To the gun with him! [*The Sailors seize Hector.*

Re-enter FID from the hatchway, seizing a handspike and rescuing Hector.

Fid. Why, what the devil would you be after? [*To Hector.*] Get to your berth, tailor, and he that stirs a foot to follow you while I say nay, damme, he shall lay as prostrate as a flat fish, dead upon the beach.

Sam. Down with this king's dog! he insults the whole ship—down with him.

Fid. I'll tell you what, as for insult, I insults no man from wilfulness; but as long as my grappling-irons can stick athwart this handspike, I suffer no man to do cruelty to his messmate.

[*The crew are about to rush upon Fid, who struggles with Sam.*

Enter LIEUTENANT WILDER, from the cabin, L. C.

Hec. I'll mend his breeches for nothing, I'm blowed if I don't. [*Exit down the hatchway.*

Wil. Hold, men! what is all this? *Fid*, what is all this? have you been drinking?

Fid. No, your honour: I've been merely doing my duty, by hauling a fellow creature out of their clutches: they wanted to drown the poor Yankey tailor, ye see, but I wouldn't stand it though.

Sam. Bayonets there. ha!

MUSIC.—*Enter CORPORAL STIFF, from the cabin, R. C., with four Marines, who present their muskets at FID—the rest of the crew follow from the cabin, R. C., and GUINEA from the hatchway, all in confusion.*

Wil. Fall back, every man of you : on your lives, fall back and obey.

Sam. (L.) Who's he that sets himself up for a commander aboard the Dolphin ? in what service did he learn his trade, I wonder ? we know you for the lieutenant of the Dart—a spy from a king's ship.

[*Lieutenant Wilder seizes Sam by the throat.*

Crew. Overboard with them : overboard with the spies ; vengeance—vengeance.

[*A violent scuffle ensues, Fid is seized, the Marines again present their muskets.*

Enter the RED ROVER, from the cabin, L. C., and rushes to the front, when all becomes quiet.

Rov. [*Aloud.*] Mutiny ! open, violent, and blood-seeking mutiny. Are you tired of your lives, men ? Is there one amongst you all, that is willing to make himself an example for the good of the rest ? if there be, let him look me in the eye—let him move a hand, a finger, or a hair : I wait patiently—it is well ! reason has come among you. To your berths below : Lieutenant Wilder, conduct the lady to the cabin ; let those arms be staked—it will be time enough to use them when I give the word.

[*Exeunt the Marines at the cabin door with part of the crew, others go down the hatchway, a few remaining.*

Sam. [*Grumbling.*] We want no commanders from a king's ship.

Rov. [*Rushing to him, in a voice of thunder.*] You want ! who are you, that want ? if it were a dog that I placed there, is it for you to dispute my authority ?—Into irons with that old mutineer. [*A pause.*] Why am I not obeyed ?

[*Music.—Guinea and Fid seize Sam—they hurry him down the hatchway, a Sailor following with the irons—they all descend the hatchway—Fid is about to follow.*

Rov. What, ho ! Richard Fid, your fidelity to your master pleases me : fidelity in a seaman to his commander is his brightest and most intrinsic quality. Down below—see all quiet—then join me in my cabin.

Fid. Certainly, your honour.

[*Music.—Exeunt the Red Rover into the cabin, L. C., and Fid down the hatchway.*

CORPORAL STIFF *creeps from under some canvass near R. 3rd E.*

Cor. Hec, hem! When I saw Sam Cutreef clapped into irons, my heart refused fire, and I made a judicious retreat from the enemy: not that I want the spirit of a man of honour—no, no—firm as pipe-clay, dam'me! But an ambush is sometimes creditable. Where the deuce did I drop my rattan? somewhere hereabouts—I shall want it for the back of that rascally tailor, the primary cause of all this mischief.

[*Searching round the deck, and kneeling near R. 3rd E., looking for his rattan.*]

Re-enter HECTOR HOMESPUN, *cautiously, up the hatchway, with a hot goose iron in one hand, and a sleeve-board in the other.*

Hec. My head's in a snackle—my brain's in a whirl; I thought, by seeming to do a little tailoring, I might get into their good graces; and here I've heated my goose-iron till it looks redder than the Rover's flag. What will become of me? what shall I do? I know not where I am, nor what I am about. Curse the iron, it scorches my thimble finger.

[*Puts it down unconsciously on the Corporal's back.*]

Cor. [*Starting up, and rubbing himself.*] What the devil are you about? You've burnt my back, you rascally tailor!

[*Shaking his rattan at him, and, turning round, displays a burn, shaped like the iron on the skirt of his coat.*]

Hec. There is a little singe, I confess—oh, yes.

Cor. A little singe, you infernal tailor! it's an entire conflagration of the rear rank. [*Touching his sword.*] Nothing but your worthless life can answer such an infamous affront—hec, hem!

Hec. [*L. brandishing his iron and sleeve-board.*] What, attack me with my arms in my hand? I'm a getting desperate—and let me tell you, savage and sagacious sir, it's as much my prerogative to singe your whiskers with my goose-iron, as for you to cut my doublet with your soldiering knife. [*In a threatening attitude.*] Avaunt, or I'll do it—I will—oh yes.

Cor. Death, fury, and rage! If you were anything but a tailor, dam'me, I'd spifigate you! hec, hem.

[*Exit into the cabin, R. C.*]

Hec. [*Drawing himself up consequentially.*] So, so, I begin

to think that a tailor with a proper spirit about him, may look as big as other folks—I'll play another sort of game in future—then—I'll—yet when I think of being blown from the great gun, it blows great guns in my heart.—[*Looking, R.*] There is that horrible gun, I declare—the very sight of it makes me feel as though I were sailing cross-legged through the air. Blow me from the gun! blow me, if I don't—where's my bodkin? I'll sew up the touch-hole.

[*Goes to the cannon, R., puts a bodkin into the touch-hole, and hammers it in with his sleeve-board.*]

Re-enter FID, up the hatchway.

Fid. Hollo, master tailor! what are you arter?

Hec. [*Starting.*] Mercy on me! friend Fid, you made my heart leap into my throat, where it seems to stick like a ball of beeswax.

Fid. Nonsense, man! what's all this shivering of your timbers, man? What, don't you know how to handle your pins yet?

Hec. Handle my pins! what a question to ask a tailor!

Fid. Come, come, make the most of a bad bargain. When you are a little more out at sea, I warrant me you'll soon begin to diskiver the use of the needle.

[*Takes off his jacket and hat, and goes into the cabin, R. c.*]

Hec. And the use of the bodkin, too. That's the only friend I've got aboard the ship—that Fid: but as for that corporal—oh, here comes the gracious and hateful pirate.

Re-enter the RED ROVER, from the cabin, L. c.—he advances, absorbed in thought, till close upon Hector, who recedes, catching an impatient glance from him—FID following the Red Rover.

Hec. Oh, I'm gone, like a rabbit, into my burrow.

[*Exit down the hatchway.*]

Rov. [*Pacing to and fro, while talking.*] Fid, I think you say you have been four-and twenty years with Mr. Wilder—it is not then extraordinary that you should set a value on his life.

Fid. A value on his life! I should as soon think of setting a price on the king's crown, your honour.

Rov. In what way is your destiny connected with that of the lieutenant?

Fid. After a plain and natural fashion, your honour: it was just after poor Guinea, the negro, sir, saved my

life in the West Indies from shipwreck, by hauling me aboard a top of a raft no bigger than a bow timber ; well, then we was drifting about the Western Ocean, when we fell in with a vessel under bare poles, if a vessel may be called bare that has nothing better than the stumps of her three masts standing.

Rov. You boarded her, of course ?

Fid. No hard task that, your honour, since a starved dog was the only one she could muster to keep us off—there she lay, a fine craft of some hundred tons' burthen, water-logged, and motionless as a church——

Rov. The ship was deserted.

Fid. Ay, sir, the crew, as I take it, had been all washed away—I never could come to the truth of their particulars—the dog had been mischievous about the deck, I conclude, for he was lashed to one of the timbers, which saved his life : well, sir, and so as we were knocking about the lumber and bits of rigging above board, says Guinea, says he, Massa Fid, I think I hear some one making complaints below—then we both turned to listening, and solemn sounds we heard, sure enough ; so down we bolted, your honour, and in one of the darkest berths below there we diskivered, dying of starvation, a poor little infant and its mother.

Rov. (L.) The child was Wilder ?

Fid. Ay, it was Master Harry, sure enough ; and a pitiful starveling he was then—not proud and brave, as you now see him—the pride of the ocean, as I may say.

Rov. But the mother—what became of the mother ?

Fid. (R.) The mother had given her last morsel of biscuit to the child, and was dying, in order that he might live : there she lay, white as the sail on which the storm has long beaten—her poor cold arm around the babe, holding to its mouth the very morsel that might have kept her own soul and body a little longer together—so pale, so—poor thing ! poor thing !

Rov. What did she when you brought her to the light ?

Fid. What did she ! she gave the child into my arms, and motioned, as well as a dying woman could, for us to have an eye over him till the cruise of life was up.

Rov. That was all ?

Fid. I have always thought she prayed, for something passed between her and one who was not to be seen—her eye was raised aloft, her lips moved, but no man will

ever know what she said, it was so low, so indistinct—one sigh, and she was dead. [*Crosses to L.*]

Rov. The poor deserted orphan——

Fid. Deserted?—No, no, not deserted either, your honour: while I or Guinea had a morsel, we would have shared it with the child: so what did we, as the ship was scuttling, and going down fast? why, we cut the shattered jolly-boat from her stern, shipped her aboard our craft; the poor devil of a dog, sir, we took him aboard, sir, and we had a perilous voyage to make for land—howsomdever, I do believe heaven prospered us for the sake of the innocent babe; for though as rough a nor'-wester as ever blowed, (would you believe it?) we made our ship in safety at last.

Rov. Did you never learn the name of the deserted ship, or of the child's parents?

[*Paces again to and fro, and returns to R.*]

Fid. Why, for the matter of that, as the boy warn't a great hand at talking, he couldn't very well inform us who he was; and as I and Guinea didn't happen to go to school where learning was taught, had the ship's name appeared above water, it might have bothered us to read it; howsomdever, there was a horse bucket kicking about the deck which had a name painted on it—we took it away with us, and afterwards I got Guinea, who has a natural turn at tattooing, to rub it into my arm in gunpowder. Here it is, your honour. [*Bares his right arm.*]

Rov. [*Reads it.*] “Ark, of Lynn.”

Enter a Sailor, from the hatchway, with a hand telescope, and goes up the steps near the cabin, R. C., to above deck.

Enter GUINEA, from the hatchway, near L. S. E., untwisting a rope.

Fid. That's what everybody reads it; but still I could never gain no tidings about the ship or the boy's family: so we afterwards gave the matter up altogether, and I and the captain and seamen turned to, to edicate the boy; and good larning he had, though I say it—his navigation from the captain, his seamanship from Guinea, and I, you see, taught him his manners. [*Crosses to R.*]

Rov. And how long did Mr. Wilder remain on board a king's ship?

Fid. Long enough to learn all that was taught there, your honour—his duty to his king and country. [*Aside.*]

If this gemman lies, as I suspect him, I think I've given him his answer.

Rov. Thank ye, Fid, you may leave me.

Fid. I hope as how I've said no harm, your honour.

Rov. None in the least. [*Giving a purse to Fid.*] Take this, and when you next tell it, think of me.

Sailor. [*Above deck.*] A sail! a sail! [*Hurries down the steps, R. C.*]

Rov. Ah! a sail! pass the glass there. [*The sailor hands the telescope.*] Send Lieutenant Wilder to me instantly. [*All the crew hasten up the hatchway, and run up the steps on each side the cabin doors.*]

Enter LIEUTENANT WILDER, *from the cabin, L. C.*

Rov. [*Looking off R. S. E. through the telescope.*] It is a ship: a hull of price lies beneath. Ah, Mr. Wilder, look out at the south western quarter, and give us your opinion—[*Handing the telescope to him.*] Rouse; rouse up, my boys.

[*The Red Rover runs up the steps, L. C., to above deck, looks out, and returns, L.*]

Wil. [*Looking out.*] Does the glass deceive me? [*Aside.*] By heavens 'tis the Dart! her appearance here on these seas, at such a time, may appear too much like confirmation of the base character I already bear aboard this ship.

Rov. What's your opinion, sir?

Wil. [*Looking out, R.*] I see her to the top of her courses: she is a heavy ship.

Rov. The more likely to bear a noble freight—[*Advancing to Wilder.*] What ails you, Lieutenant Wilder? How's this, sir—you turn pale.

Wil. A sudden pang darted across my forehead; 'tis past. [*Crosses to L. leaving the telescope on the gun carriage, R.*]

Rov. [*Suspiciously.*] So ho! You Guinea man, you nigger, come hither.

Gui. [*Crossing from L. S. E. to R.*] Iss, massa.

Rov. [*To Guinea, glancing at Wilder.*] Look through that glass, and tell me what you see in the south-western quarter—Despatch!

Gui. [*Kneeling R. S. E., and looking through the glass.*] Him ship, massa.

Rov. [*Eyeing Wilder.*] Has she any signals flying?

Gui. [*Looking out, R.*] Him got three new cloths in her maintop gallant sail, massa.

Rov. Three new cloths—of what tonnage do you take her to be?

Gui. Him just seven hundred and fifty-two tons, massa.

Rov. [*Aside to Wilder.*] Lieutenant Wilder, the tongue of your negro is as exact as a carpenter's rule.

Wil. His ignorance.

Rov. Ignorance! no, the man shows no air of doubt. [*Hastening past Guinea, and leaning on a gun carriage, R. S. E., when the negro suddenly catches a glance from Wilder.*] You think her tonnage to be exactly what you say? [*Guinea remains silent.*] I ask you whether she may not be a dozen tons larger or smaller than you have described?

[*Descends and stands behind Guinea, who continues kneeling.*

Gui. [*Alarmed.*] Him just as massa wish 'em.

Rov. I wish her a thousand, since she will prove the richer prize.

Gui. Iss, massa, him jus a tousan.

Rov. [*Bending to Guinea's ear.*] Or a snug ship of three hundred, if lined with gold, might serve.

Gui. [*Trembling, while peeping through the glass.*] Iss, massa him just tree hundred.

Rov. Or a bug.

Gui. Iss, massa, him bug.

Rov. [*Bawling while Guinea kneels.*] Or, perhaps, 'tis no ship at all.

Gui. No, massa, him no ship at all.

Rov. [*Crossing to c.*] Ho! you Richard Fid, look through the glass, and give your opinion. Yon negro says that's no ship

[*Runs up the steps, L.*

Fid. Heaven help the dark-skinned fool—what do you take it for, Guinea? a church.

Gui. Iss, massa, him tink him church.

Rov. Go down below, sir.

[*Descends the steps, L.*

[*Exit Guinea down the hatchway.*

Fid. [*Looking out.*] You a thorough-bred seaman, too, and not know a top-gallant yard from a weathercock?

Rov. [*To Fid.*] You take the glass, I say—despatch!

Fid. It's no church, that's for sartain.

Rov. (c.) [*Glancing at Wilder as before.*] To my eye, there are three new cloths in her maintop gallant sails.

Fid. To me, somewhere there, or there away.

Rov. Away—Mr. Wilder, you know that ship.

Wil. [*Proudly.*] I'll not deny it.

Rov. Your departure from her has been recent.

Wil. As my arrival in this.

Rov. She is called—

Wil. The Dart!

Rov. [*Draws a pistol close to Wilder.*] Ha! [*Checks himself, and walks away, but after a pause returns to him.*] Mr. Wilder, if you had not found some means to betray our course by secret signals or otherwise, is it not remarkable that yonder ship should come to this little sequestered sea?

Wil. You are safe, here, sir, in casting on me such unjust reproaches: that my motive for coming hither, was that of a government spy, is false; and, if you urge me, why I chose to incur this danger, my reply is, that I knew the hazard, and shall not shrink from its penalty.

[*Crosses to R.*

Rov. Bold words those, when you know with a breath of mine—

Wil. I know that the crew of this ship are merciless as they are void of honour; and that nothing short of my death, and perhaps that of my blameless followers, will appease their hatred of loyal subjects. For my own life, I ask nothing: for them—

Rov. Bold words, sir, those to the commander of the crew you are pleased to censure; and yet you would urge mercy for your own followers. [*Voices of mutiny above deck by the crew.*] Listen to that sound, sir; there's danger there; mutiny—follow me, sir, and let me see how you dare face those men, whose fate you too evidently have brought about.

Wil. As I am a man, I—

Rov. Silence, Sir, and obey. Loyal or otherwise, I command here.

[*The Red Rover and Wilder run up the ladder, R. C., to the Mutineers above deck—Fid and Guinea come forward from the steps, L.*

Fid. My eyes, Guinea, here's a breeze springing up. Every sail furl'd, and we lying here in the deep trough of the sea. The old Dart may pass in the offing without ever noticing us in the least. So here, take my knife, Guinea—away upon the taffrel; when I give the signal, cut away the spun yarn that binds the bit of bunting to the flag-staff, and let it drift in the wind by way of signal to the Dart—away, lad.

Gui. Ay, ay, massa Fid.

[*Music—Guinea hastens up the steps, L. C., with caution.*

Fid. Away—away.

[*The Mutineers, in murmuring tumult, hurry down the steps R. and L., followed by the Red Rover, and Lieutenant Wilder*

Enter MADAME DE LACY and GERTRUDE from the cabin, L. C.

Sailor. (L.) We claim the execution of our laws.

Rov. (L. c.) What would you?

Sailor. The lives of traitors.

Rov. Prove them such.

Sai. There's one aboard, a deserter from the Dart, who knows them.

Rov. What if I resign you to them? Why should I not?

Mad. You will not—no, you will not resign him to his fate. I conjure you, before you forget your own responsibility to that Being who never fails to avenge cruelty: no, you cannot—will not—dare not be so merciless.

Rov. What fate, lady, did he contemplate for me and mine?

Mad. Admitting your suspicions were just, the laws of heaven and man are with him. The cause—the motives sanctify the act, while your career can find no motive, human or divine.

Rov. Lady, this is bold language to sound in the ears of a blood-seeking, remorseless pirate, since 'tis plain you believe me such; but know, that vengeance is at hand—such vengeance as the hunted and denounced freebooter best likes, and is proud to inflict—mercy. Mr. Wilder, you are free; a boat shall convey you hence to the Dart.

Wil. When I join'd this vessel, I did not come alone; my trusty followers—

Rov. Take them with you.

Wil. Another question I would ask—of what service can these ladies, so defenceless—

Rov. Beware, Sir, lest the lenity I would display change suddenly to scorn. See, the Dart leaves us; begone—away.

[*Exit into the cabin, L. C.*

[*Music—In action—Wilder assures the Ladies he will remain—they retire up.*

Fid. [*Comes down.*] The Dart leaves us. Guinea, boy, the signal.

[*Guinea loosens the crimson flag above deck, which the sailors perceive below.*

Sailor. (L.) Ah! By whose order has yonder miscreant dared to loosen that flag?

Fid. By whose orders? Why, by order of King Wind. To him the best-spun yarn must give way, when a squall gets the upper hand.

Sai. It's a signal to the enemy.

Wil. On my soul, no.

Fid. No, no, it's all accident.

Sailor. 'Tis false.

[*Music—He fires a pistol, and Guinea is shot—Madame de Lacey and Gertrude enfold each other, and cross to L.—Guinea struggles, descends the steps, R., and falls, C.—Fid and Wilder raise him up.*

Fid. Guinea—Guinea, my lad.

Sai. Into the sea with the black, and up with the others to the yard arm.

Wil. [*Fiercely.*] At your peril!

Fid. What! Would you cast a brave seaman to the sharks, with a dying look standing in his eye, and his last words still in his messmate's ear? Guinea—Guinea, my lad.

Gui. Oh, massa Fid, pardon poor blackee man. Poor Guinea die. Massa Fid, take from him arm de collar of poor dog—Do good to massa Harry. Bless you, bless you, massa Harry. Oh, bless you, Fid.

Music—Guinea dies.—Fid takes the collar from his arm.—All are affected.

Fid. Don't any of you lubbers think this more than a splash of the salt spray. Don't you look so, master Harry, for poor Guinea, my life on't, he's already aloft. But for these murderers—

Sailors. Revenge! Revenge!

Ger. Save him! Pity! Mercy!

[*Guinea's body is removed by the sailors down the hatchway.*

Fid. Mercy! 'tis a name unknown here. Ma'am, [*Turning to Wilder.*—But mayhap, Sir, this lady, who seems the most natural being aboard except the dear young gentlewoman, will take charge of this here collar, which the negro took from the neck of the dog, when we discovered you an infant aboard the wreck.

Mad. Merciful powers! what say you?

Fid. There's something wrote here, Ma'am, which one day might lead to a diskivery of his family.

Mad. [*Examining the dog's collar.*] Ah! what do I see? "Paul de Lacy!" he was my husband who perished.

[*Lets the collar fall.*

Fid. On board the Ark of Lynn.

Mad. That was the name of his estate—the ship was called the Danube:—my husband, while I was conveyed to land, distracted, perished on board, with my infant son and his ill-fated nurse.

Fid. No, no, the boy lives! He is here.

Mad. Where?

Wil. Mother, behold me at your feet. [*They embrace.*]

Mad. My son! merciful Heaven, receive a mother's thanks—my boy, we'll die together.

Sailor. [*Looking out, R.*] The Dart holds out a signal of defiance. Down with the betrayers.

Sam. Blow them into the sea.

MUSIC.—*Re-enter the RED ROVER, from the cabin, L. C.*

Rov. (C.) Hell-hounds!—fiends!—spare the women! [*Beseechingly.*]

Sam. Neither they nor you—slew the mouth of the gun this way. [*The Sailors, R., turn the first cannon round.*]

Re-enter HECTOR HOMESPUN, from the hatchway, with a match-stick.

Hec. [*Aside to Fid.*] I stuck my bodkin in the touch-hole, and it won't go off.

Sam. [*Trying to fire the cannon, R.*] What the devil ails the gun—it won't go off.

[*The cannon, L., is turned round against the Mutineers.*]

Rov. But this will; give me a light. [*The Mutineers are overwhelmed with confusion.*] Villains, into the cabin with ye; or by the living power, with my own hand, I'll discharge the gun, and strew the winds and waters with your limbs.

[*Fid and Wilder wheel the cannon facing the mutineers, who retreat into the cabins in confusion, while the Rover wields the match-torch over the touch-hole.*]

Rov. Now, ladies, away, away to the jolly-boat; Hector, you go alongside—

[*Sam Cutreef, watching the opportunity, opens the cabin-door, R. C., fires a pistol, and shoots the Red Rover,—Madame de Lacy, Gertrude, Lieutenant Wilder, and Hector Homespun exeunt, R.*]

Rov. Miscreants! they have slain me.

Fid. And see, the rascally tailor has left a light burning in the hold; the ship is in flames.

[*Exit R., into the jolly-boat.*]

Rov. [*Laughing hysterically.*] Ha, ha, ha! so best, his ship shall be the Rover's funeral pile.

[*The flames issue from the hatchway.*]

Re-enter the Crew from both cabins.—The ship is seen burning, she begins to sink with the Crew—some fall—some ascend the rigging, others struggling as the ocean overwhelms them.—Mast, rigging, and Crew, all sink with the vessel.—The Red Rover is seen combating the waves, and at last meets his fate. —The Dart is seen at the back, with Lieutenant Wilder, Madame de Lacy, and Gertrude aboard, and Fid clinging outside the vessel, as the curtain descends.

THE END.

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